

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Jennifer LeBlanc

Victorian painting

a mildly crowded beach with parasols and
gossamer dresses.

they are always caught in the wind,

swept up around the legs and
a bother to wear.

then the outlined man,
small and stooped over the sand.

he is present,
content,

but for some reason,
too unimportant for hue.

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Iraq

I remember the glare of bombs igniting over
Baghdad,

blackness followed by illumination.

the bombs lit the darkness,
the bombs snuffed out life,
the bombs were hateful,

and I choked on murder.

now I know the lights on a jet landing at
night,

five years after invasion.

I feel aftermath in my stomach,
I feel human lives still dying,
I feel bullets that bore to the bone.